

THE
VVONDER
of VVomen
Or

The Tragedie of Sophonisba,
as it hath beene sundry times Acted
at the Blacke Friers.

Written by JOHN MARSTON.



L O N D O N .

Printed by Iohn Windes and are to be sold
neare Ludgate.

1606.





To the generall Reader.

KNow, that I haue not labored
in this poeme, to tie my selfe to
relate any thing as an historian
but to inlarge euery thing as a
Poet, To transcribe Authors,
quote authorities, & translate
Latin prose orations into English black-verse,
hath in this subiect beene the least aime of my
studies. Then (equall Reader) peruse me with
no prepared dislike, and if ought shall displease
thee thanke thy selfe, if ought shall please thee
thanke not me, for I confesse in this it was
not my onely end.

Io. Marston.

Argumentum.

A gratefull harts iust haught : Ingratitude.
And vowes base breach with worthy shame
A womans constant loue as firm as fate (persu'd
A blamelesse Counsellor well borne for state
The folly to inforce free loue, These know
This subject with full light doth amply show.

Interlocutores.

Massinissa.	Kings in Lybia	Scipio.	Generals of
Syphax,	rivals for So- phonisba.	Lælius.	Rome.
Asdruball.	Father to Se- phonisba.	Vanguie.	An Ethiopian slave.
Gelosso.	A Senator of Carthage.	Carthalon.	A Senator of Carthage.
Bytheas,	A Senator of Carthage.	Gisco.	A Surgeon of Carthage.
Hanno Mag- nus.	Captaine for Carthage.	Nuntius.	
Iugurth.	Massinissa's Ne- phew.	Sophonisba.	Daughter to As- druball of Car- thage.
		Zanthia.	Hermaide.
		Erietho.	An Inchantress.
		Arcathia.	Waiting women
		Nycca.	to Sophonisba.

Prologus.

Prologus,

Cornets sound a march.

Enter at one dore the Prologue: too Pages with torches: *Asdrubal* and *Iugurith* too Pages with lights: *Massinissa* leading *Sophonisba*: *Zanthia* bearing *Sophonisbas* traine *Arcathia* and *Nicea*: *Hano* and *Bytheas* At the other dore too Pages with targets and Iauelines, too Pages with lights, *Syphax* armd from top to toe, *Vangue* followes.

These thus entred, stand still, whilst the Prologue resting betweene both troupes speakes.

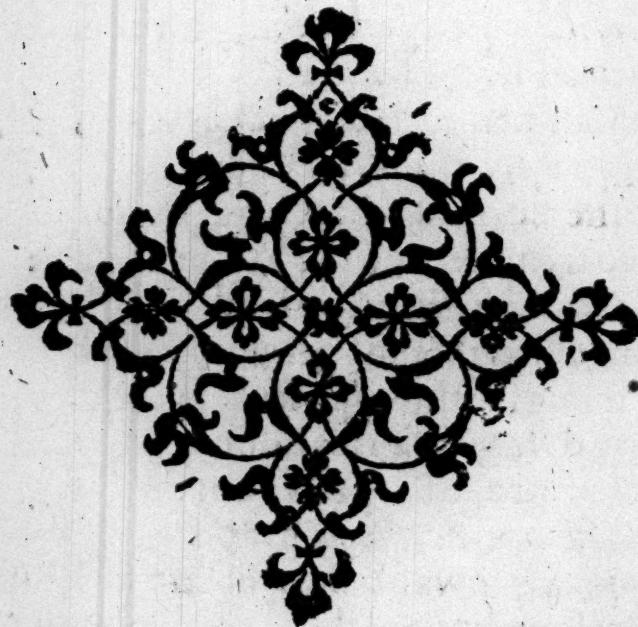
THe Sceane is *Lybia*, and the subiect thus.
Whilst *Carthage* stooode the onely awe of *Rome*,
As most imperiall seate of *Lybia*,
Gouernd by Statsmen each as great as Kings
(For 17. Kings were *Carthage* feodars)
Whilst thus she florishd, whilst hir *Hannibal*
Made *Rome* to tremble, and the Wals yet pale:
Then in this *Carthage* *Sophonisba* liu'd
The farre fam'd daughter of great *Asdruball*,
For whom (mongst others) potent *Syphax* sues
And well grac'd *Massinissa* riuals him
Both Princes of proud Scepters: but the lot
Of doubtfull fauour *Massinissa* grac'd
At which *Syphax* grows blacke: For now the night
Yeelds loud resoundings of the nuptiall pompe:
Apollo strikes his Harpe: *Hymen* his Torch
Whilst lowring *Inno* with ill-boding eye
Sits enuious at too forward *Venus*: *Loc*
The instant night: And now yeworthier minds
To whom we shall present a female glory
(The wonder of a constancie so fixt
That Fate it selfe might well grow enuious)

The Tragedy of Sopbonisba.

Be please to sit such as may merit oil
And holy dew stil'd from diuiner heat,
Forrest thus knowing, what of this you heare,
The Author lowly hopes, but must not feare.
For iust worth never rests on popular frowne,
To haue done well is faire deeds onely crowne.

Nec se quisinerit extra.

*Cornets sound a March, the Prologue leads Massimissas
troupes over the Stage, and departs : Syphax troupes onely
stay.*



M&T

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Actus Primi. Scena prima.

Syphax and Vangue.

S Y: Syphax, Syphax, why wast thou cursd a King?
What angry God made thee so great, so vile?
Contemnd, disgraced, thinke, wert thou a slau
Though Sophonisba did reieet thy loue
Thy low neglected head vnpointed at
Thy shame vnrumord and thy sute vnskoffd
Might yet rest quiet: Reputation
Thou awe of fooles and greatmen: thou that choakst
Freest addictons, and makst mortals sweat
Bloud and cold drops in feare to loose, or hope
To gaine thy neuer certainte seldomeworthy gracings.
Reputation!
Wert not for thee Syphax could beare this skorne
Not spouting vp his gall among his bloud
In blacke vexations: Massimissa might
In joy the sweets of his preferred graces
Without my dangerous Enuy or Reuenge
Wert not for thy affliction all might sleepe
In sweete obliuion: But (O greatnes skourge!)
We cannot without Ennie keepe highname
Nor yet disgrac'd can haue a quiet name.

Va. Scipio: --
Sy. Some light in depth of hell: Vangue what hope?

Va. I haue receaud assur'd intelligence
That Scipio Romes sole hope hath raiſd vp men
Drawne troupes together for inuasion --

Sy. Of this same Carthage. Va. With this policie
To force wild Hannibal from Italy---

Sy. And draw the war to Affricke. Va. Right. Sy. And strike
This secure countrey with vnthought of armes

Va. My letters beare he is departed Rome
Directly setting course and sayling vp. --

Sy. To Carthage, Carthage, O thou eternall youſch

Man

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Man of large fame great and abounding glory
Renounfull Scipio, spread thy too-necked Eagles,
Fill full thy sailes with a reuenging wind,
Strike through obedient Neptune, till thy prowes
Dash vp our *Lybian* ouse, and thy iust armes
Shine with amazfull terror on these wals,
O now record thy Fathers honord bloud
Which *Carthage* drunke, thy Uncle *Publius* bloud
Which *Carthage* drunke, 30000. soules
Of choice *Italians* *Carthage* set on wing:
Remember *Hannibal*, yet *Hannibal*
The consul-queller: O then inlarge thy hart
Be thousand soules in one, let all the breath
The spirit of thy name and nation be mixt strong
In thy great hart: O fall like thunder shaft
The winged vengeance of incensed *Ioue*
Upon this *Carthage*: for *Syphax* here flies off
From all allegiance, from all loue or seruice
His (now freed) scepter once did yeeld this Cittie
Yee vniuersall Gods, *Light*, *Heate*, and *Ayre*
Proue all vnblessing *Syphax* if his hands
Once reare them selues for *Carthage* but to curse it.
It had beeene better they had changd their faith,
Denide their Gods, then sleighted *Syphax* loue
So fearefully will I take vengeance.
I'le interleague with *Scipio*. *Firngue*.
Deere *Ethiopian Negro*, goe wing a vessel
And fly to *Scipio*: say his confederate
Vowd and confirm'd is *Syphax*: bidd him hast
To mix our palmes and armes: will him make vp
Whilst we are in the strength of discontent
Our vnsuspected forces well in armes
For *Sophonisba*, *Carthage*, *Asdruball*
Shall feele their weaknes in preferring weaknes
And one lesse great then we, to our deere wishes
Haste gentle *Negro*, that this heape may knowe
Me, and their wronge: *Va: Wronge?* (stronge
Sy. I, tho twere not, yet knowe while Kings are

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

What thei'le but thinke and not what is, is wrong
I am disgrac'd in, and by that which hath
No reason, *Loue*, and *Woman*, my reuenge
Shall therefore beare no argument of right
Passion is *Reason* when it speakes from Might
I tell thee, man, nor Kings, nor Gods exempt
But they grow pale if once they find Contempt: haste.

Excuse.

Scena Secunda.

Enter, *Arcadia*, *Nycea* with Tapers *Sophonisba* in
her night attyre followed by *Zantbia*.

So. Watch at the dors: and till we be repos'd
Let no one enter: *Zantbia* vndoe me.
Za. With this motto vnder your girdle
You had bin undone if you bad not bin undone humbllest seruice.
So. I wonder *Zantbia* why the custome is
To vse such *Ceremonie* such strict shape
About vs women: forsooth the Bride must steale
Before her Lord to bed: and then delaies
Long expectations all against knowne wishes
I hate these figures in locution
These about phrases forc'd by *ceremonie*
We must still seeme to flic what we most seek
And hide our selues from that we faine would find vs
Let those that thinke and speake and doe iust actes
Know forme can giue no vertue to their actes
Nor detract vice.
Za. 'las faire Princes, those that are strongly form'd
And truely shapt may naked walke, but we
We things cal'd women, onely made for show
And pleasure, created to beare children
And play at shuttle-coke, we imperfect mixtures
Without respectiue *ceremonie* v/s
And euer complement, alas what are we?
Take from vs formall custome and the curtesies

B

Which

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Which ciuill fashion hath still vs'd to vs
We fall to all contempt, O women how much
How much are you beholding to *Ceremony*,
So. You are familiar. *Zanhsa* my shooe,
Za. Ti's wonder Madam you treade not awry.
So. Your reason *Zanthia*. *Za.* You goe every high.
So. Harke, Musicke, Musicke.

The Ladies lay the Princes in a faire bed, and close
the curtaines whil'st *Massimissa* Enters.

Ni. The Bridgrome. *Arca.* The Bridgrome
So. Hast good *Zanthia*, helpe, keepe yet the dores
Za. Faire fall you Lady, so, admit admit.

Enter Foure boyes antiquely attiered with bows and quiuers
dauncing to the Corners, a phantastique measure, *Massimissa* in his night gowne led by *Aesdruball* and
Hanno followed by *Bytheas* and *Iugurth*, the
boyes draw the Curtaines discouering *Sophonisba* to whom
Massimissa speakes.

Ma. You powers of ioy : Gods of a happie bed
Show you are pleas'd, sister and wife of *Iose*
High fronted *Inno* and thou *Carthage* Patron
Smooth chind *Appollo*, both giue modest heat
And temperat graces:

Mass. drawes a white ribbon forth of the
bedas from the waste of *Sopho*.

Mas. Loe I vnloose thy waste
She that is iust in loue is Godlike chaste : *I to Hymen.*

Chorus with cornets, Organ, and voices. *I to Hymen.*

So. A modest silence th'o'te be thought
A virgins beautie and hir highest honor
Though bashfull fainings nicely wrought
Grace hir that vertue takes not in, but on hir
What I dare thinke I boldly speake
After my word my well bold action ruseth.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

In open flame then passion breakē

Where *Virtue* prompts, thought word, act never blushest,
Reuenging Gods whose Marble hands

Crush faithlesse men with a confounding terror

Giue me no mercy if these bands

I couet not with an vnfained feruor

Which zealous vow when ought can force me t'lame

Load with that plague *Atlas* would groane at, shame. *Io so Hymen.*

Chorus. *Io so Hymen.*

Asdru. Liue both high parents of so happy birth

Your stemms may touch the skies and shaddow earth

Most great in fame more great in vertue shining

Prosper O powers a iust, a strong diuining. *Io so Hymen.*

Chorus. *Io so Hymen.*

Enter *Carthalo* his sword drawne, his body wounded, his
shieldstrucke full of darts : *Massim.* being
reddy for bedde.

Car. To bold harts Fortune, be not you amazd

Carthage O *Carthage* : be not you amazd.

Ma. Ioue made vs not to feare, resolute, speake out

The highest misery of man is doubt : Speake *Carthalo.*

Car. The stooping Sun like to some weaker Prince

Lethis shads spread to an vnnaturall hugenesse

When we the campe that lay at *Viica*

From *Carthage* distant but ffeue easie leagues

Discribe from of the watch three hundred saile

Upon whose tops the *Roman* Eagles streachd

Their large spread winges, which fan'd the euening ayre

To vs cold breath, for well we might discerne

Rome swam to *Carthage*.

A/d. Hanniball our ancor is come backe, thy slight

Thy Stratagem to lead warre vnto *Rome*

To quite our selues, hath taught now desperat *Rome*

T'assailc our *Carthage*, Now the warre is here.

B e

Ma.

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The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Ma. He is nor blessed nor honest that can feare.

Ha. I but to cast the worst of our distresse. --

Ma. To doubt of what shall be is wretchednesse

Desier, Feare, and Hope, receauue no bond

By whom, we in our selues are neuer but beyond. *On.*

Car. Th' allarum beates necessitie of fight

Th' vns sober euening drawes out reeling forces

Souldiers halfe men, who to their colors troupe

With fury, not with valor : whilst our ships

Vnrigd, vnusd, fitter for fier then water

We saue in our bard hauen from surprise.

By this our army marcheth toward the shore,

Vndisciplind young men most bold to doe

If they knew how, or what, when we discrie

A mighty dust beate vp with horses houes

Straight Roman ensignes glitter : *Scipio.*

A/d. *Scipio.*

Car. *Scipio* aduaunced like the God of blood

Leads vp grim war, that father of foule wounds.

Whose finowy feete are steepd in gore, whose hideous voice

Makes turrets tremble, and whole Citties shake

Before whose browes flight and disorder hurry

With whom March Burnings, murder, wrong, waste, rapes

Behind whom a sad traine is seene, Wye, Feares

Tortures, Leane, Neede, Famine, and helplesse teares.

Now make we equall stand in mutuall vew

We iudg'd the Romans 18. thousand foote

3000. Horse, we almost doubled them

In number not in vertue : yet in heate

Of youth and wine iolly and full of bloud.

We gaue the signe of battle : shouts are raifd

That shooke the heauens : *Pell Mell* our armys ioyne

Horse, targets, pikes all against each apposd

They giue fierce shoke, arms thundred as they clofd

Men couer earth which straight are couered

With men and earth : yet doubtfull stood the fight

More faire to Carthage ; when los as oft you see

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

In mines of gold, when laboring slaves delue out
The richest ore, being in suddaine hope
With some vnlookt for vaine to full their buckets
And send huge treasure vp, a suddaine damp
Stifles them all, their hands yet stuffd with gold
So fell our fortunes for looke as yee stood proud
As hopefull victors, thinking to returne
With spoiles worth triumph, wrathfull *Syphax* lands
With full ten thousand strong *Numidian* horse
And ions to *Scipio*, then loe we all were damp't
We fall in glusters and our wearied troupes
Quit all: slaughter ran throw vs straight, we flic
Romans pursue, but *Scipio* sounds retraite
As fearing traines and night: we make amaine
For *Carthage* most, and some for *Vtica*
All for our liues: new force, fresh armes with speed
You haue said truth of all: no more. I bleede.
By. O wretched fortune. *Mas.* Old Lord spare thy haynes
What dost thou thinke baldnesse will cure thy greefe
What decree the Senate?

Enter *Gelosso* with Commissions in his hand seald.

Gelo. Aske old *Gelosso* who returns from them
Inform'd with fullest charge strong *Asdruball*
Great *Massinissa* *Carthage* Generall
So speakes the Senate: Counsell for this warre
In *Hanno magnus*, *Bytheas*, *Carthalon*.
And vs *Gelosso* rests: Imbrace this charge
Younuer yet dishonord. *Asdruball*
High *Massinissa* by your vowes to *Carthage*
By God of great-men Glory, fight for *Carthage*
Ten thousand strong *Massilians* readie troupt
Expect their King, double that number waites
The leading of loud *Asdruball*; beate lowde
Our *Affrike* drummes, and whil'st our o're-toild foe
Snores on his vnlaed cask, all faint though proud
Through his successfull fight strike fresh allarmes
Gods are not if they grace not bold iust armes.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Mass. Carthage thou straight shalt know
Thy faoures haue beene done vnto a king.

Exit with Asdruball and the Page.

Soph. My Lord st, is most vnusuall such sad haps
Oft sundeine horror, shold intrude mong beds
Of soft and priuate loues; but stran ge euent
Excuse straige form's. O you that know our bloud
Reuenge if I doe faine: I here protest
Though my Lord leauue his wife a very mayde,
Euen this night instead of my soft armes
Clasping his well strong lims with glossfull Steele,
Whats safet to *Carthage* shall be sweete to me.
I must not, nor I am once ignorant
My choise of loue hath giuen this suddain dāger
To yet strong *Carthage*: t'was I lost the fight,
My choice yext *Syphax* inrag'd *Syphax* struk
Armes fate: yet *Sophonisba* not repents,
O we were Gods if that we knew euent.
But let me Lord leauue *Carthage*, quit his virtue
I will not loue him, yet must honor him,
As still good Subjects must badd Princes: Lords
From the most ill-grac'd *Hymeneall* bedde
That euer *Inno* frown'd at, I intreat
That you'lle collect from our loose form'd speach
This firme resolute: that no loe Appetite
Of my sex weaknes, can or shall o'recome
Due gratefull seruice vnto you, or virtue.
Witness ye Gods I neuer vntill now
Repin'd at my creation; now I wish
I were no woman, that my armes might speake
My hart to *Carthage*: but in vaine, my tongue
Sweares I am woman still: I talke to long.

Cornets a march. Enter two Pages with targets
and Lauelinstwo Pages with torches,

Massimissa arm'd a cape a pee.

*Asdruball
arm'd.*

Ma.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Ma. Ye Carthage Lords: know Massinissa knowes
Not only terms of honor: but his actions
Nor must I now inlarge how much my cause
Hath dangerd Carthage but how I may show
My selfe most prest to satisfaction
The loathsome staine of Kings Ingratitude
From me O much be farre, and since this torrent
Warres rage admits no Ancor: since the billow
Is risen so high we may not hull but ycelde
This ample state to stroke of speedy swords

What you with sober hast hath well decreed
Weele put to suddaine armes: no not this night
These dainties this first fruits of nuptials
That well might giue excuse for feeble lingringes
Shall hinder Massinissa. Appetite
Kisses, loues, dalliance and what softer ioyes
The Venus of the pleasingst ease can minister
I quit you all: Virtue perforce is Vice
But he that may, yet holds, is manly wise
Loe then ye Lords of Carthage, to your trust
I leaue all Massinissas treasure by the oath
Of right good men stand to my fortune iust.
Most hard it is for great harts to mistrust.

Car. We vow by all high powers. *Ma.* No doe not sware,
I was not borne so small to doubt or feare.

So. Worthy my Lord. *Ma.* Peace my cares are steele
I must not heare thy much inticing voice.

So. By Massinissa, Sophonisba speakes
Worthy his wife: goe with as high a hand
As worth can reare, I will not stay my Lord
Fight for our country, vent thy youthfull heate
In field not beds, the fruite of honor Fame
Be rather gotten then the oft disgrace
Of hapless parents, children, goe bestman
And make me proud to be a soldiers wife
That valews his renoune aboue faint pleasures
Thinke euery honor that doth grace thy sword
Treblest my loue; by these I haue no lust

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The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

But of thy glory : best lights of heauen with thee
Likewonder stand, or fall, so though thou die
My fortunes may be wretched, but not I.
Mas. Wondrous creature, euen fit for Gods not men
Nature made all the rest of thy faire sex
As weake essayes, to make thee a patterne
Of what can be in woman. Long Farewell.
Hees sure vnconquer'd in whom thou dost dwell
Carthage Palladium. See that glorious lampe
Whose lifefull presence giueth suddaine flight
To phancies, togs, feares, sleepe, and slothfull night
Spreads day vpon the world : march swift amaine
Fame got with losse of breath is godlike gaine.

The Ladies draw the curtaines about *Sophonisba*,
the rest accompany *Massimissa* forth, the
Cornets and Organs playing loud
full Musick for the Act.

Actus Primi.

FINIS.

Actus Secundi.

Scena Prima.

Whil'st the Musick for the first *Act* soundes *Hanno*, *Carthalo*, *Bytheas*, *Gelosso* enter : They place themselues to
Counsell, *Gisco* th' impoisoner waiting on them, *Hanno*, *Carthalo*, and *Bytheas*, setting their hands
to a writing, which being offer'd to
Gelosso, he denies his hand, and
as much offended impatiently starts vp and
speakes.

Gelosso,

The Tragedie of Sopponisba.

Gelasso. Hammo. Bythess. Cartalo.

Gel. My hand? my hand? rotte first, wither in aged sha

GHan. Wil you be so vnseasonably wood?

Byr. Hold such preposterous zeale as stand against
the full decree of Senate? all think fit.

Car. Nay most vneuitable necessarie
For Carthage safty, and the now sole good
Of present state, that wee must breake all faith
With Massinissa: whilst he fights abroad
Lets gaine backe Syphax, making him our owne
By giuing Sopponisba to his bed.

Han. Syphax is Massinissas greater, and his force
Shall giue more fide to Carthage; as fors queene
And her wife father, they loue Carthage fate,

Profit, and Honesty, are one in state.

Gel. And what decrees our very vertuous senate
Of worthy Massinissa that now fightes
and (leaving wife and bed) bleeds in good armes
For right old Carthage? Car. Thus tis thought fit
Hir father Asdruball on sudeine shall take in
Reuolted Syphax; so with doubled strength
Before that Massinissa shall suspect,
Slaughter boeth Massinissa and his troupes,
And likewise strike with his deepe stratagenn
A sudeine weaknes into Scipios armes,
By drawing such alim from the maine body
Of his yet powerfull armie: which being don
Dead Massinissas kingdom we decree
To Sopponisba and great Asdruball
For their consent, so this swift plot shall bring
Two crowns to hir, make Asdruball a king.

Gel. So first faithes breach, adultery, murder, theft,

Car. What els? Gel. Nay all is don no mischeif left

Car. Pish prosperous successe giues blackest actions glory,
The means are varemembred in most story.

Gel. Let me not say Gods are not. Car. This is fit

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Conquest by bloud is not so sweet as wit,
For how so ere nice vertue censures of it,
He hath the grace of warre, that hath wars profit.
But Carthage well aduisde, that states comes on,
With slow aduice, quicke execution,
Haue here an Engineere long bred for plots,
Cal'd an imposisner, who knows this sound excuse,
The onely dew that makes men sprouts in Courtes, is vse,
Be't well or ill, his thift is to be mute,
Such slaues must act commands, and not dispute.
Knowing foule deedes with danger do begin
But with rewardes do end: Sin is no sin
But in respects--

Gel. Politique Lord, speake low tho heauen beares
A face far from vs, Gods haue most long eares,
Ioue has a hundred marble marble hands

Car. O I, in Poetry or Tragique sceane:

Gel. I feare Gods onely know what Poets mean.

Car. Yet heare me: I will speake close truth and
Nothing in Nature is vnseruisable, (cease,
No, not euен Inutility it selfe,
Is then for nought dishonesty in beeing,
And if it be somtimes of forced vse,
Wherein more vrgent then in sawng nations
State shapes are sodderd vp, with base, nay faulty.
Yet necessary functions; some must lie,
Some must betray, some murder, and some all,
Each hath strong vse, as poyson in all purges
Yet when some violent chance shall force a state,
To breake giuen faith, or plot some stratagems,
Princes ascribe that vile necessity
Vnto Heauens wrath: and sure tho't be no vice,
Yet tis bad chance: states must not stick to nice
For Massinissas death fence bids forgiue
Beware to offend greate men and let them liue
For tis of empires body the mayne arme,
He that will do no good shall doe no harme: yow haue my mind

Gel. Although a stagelike passion & weake heat

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Full of an empty wording might sute age
Know Ile speake strongly truth: Lordes neere
That he who le not betray a priuate man (mistrust
For his country, will neer betray his country
For priuate men; then giue *Geloso* faith
If treachery in state be seruicable,
Let hangmen doe it: I am bound to loose
My life but not my honour for my country;
Our vow, our faith, our oath, why th'are our selues
And he that's faithlesse to his proper selfe,
May be excusd if he breake faith with princes;
The Gods assist just hearts, & states that trust,
Plots before *Providence* are tost like dust.

For *Malsinissa*: (O let me slake a little
Auster discourse and feele *Humanitie*)
Me thinke I heare him cry. Ofight for *Carthage*,
Charge home, wounds smart not, for that so just so
So good a Citty: me thinks I see him yet (great
Leaue his faire bride euен on his nuptiall night
To buckle on his armes for *Carthage*: Harke-
Yet, yet, I heare him cry-- *Ingratitude*
Vile staine of man. O ouer be most far
From *Massinissas* breast: vp, march amaine,
Fame got with losse of breath, is godlike gaine.
And see by this he bleedes in doubtfull fight:
And cries for *Carthage*, whilst *Carthage*-- *Memory*
Forsake *Geloso*, would I could not think:
Nor heare, nor bee, When *Carthage* is
So infinitely vile: see see looke here,

Cornets. Enter two Ushers. *Sophonisba*. *Zanthia*. *Arcathia*. *Hanno*
Bytheas and *Carthalo* present *Sophonisba* with a paper,
which shee having perused, after a
short silence speakes

Who speakes? what mute? fair plot: what? blush to breake it?
How lewd to act when so sham'd but to speake it.
So. Is this the Senates firme decrees *Car.* It is.

The Tragedy of Sopbonisba.

Sopho. Is this the Senates firme decree? Car. It is
Sopho. Hath Syphax entertaind the stratagem?

Car. No doubt he hath, or will. So. My answers
Whats safe to Carthage, shall be sweet to me (thus,
Car. Right worthy Ha. Roialest Ge. O very wo
So. But tis not safe for Carthage to destroy, (man!
Be most vniust, cunninglie politique,
Your heads still vnder Heauen, O trust to fate,

Gods prosper more a iust then crafty state.

Tis leſſe disgrace to haue a pitied loſſe

Then ſhameful victory. Ge. O very Angel!

So. We all haue sworne good Massinissa faith,
Speach makes vs men, and thers no other bond
Twixt man and man, but words: O equall Gods
Make vs once know the conſequence of vowes--

Ge. And wee shall hate faith-breakers worse then man-eaters

So. Ha! good Gelaso is thy breath not here?

Ge. You doe me wrong as long as I can die,
Doubt you that old Gelaso can be vile?

Statesmay afflīct, tax, orture, but our mindes
Are oīly sworne to loue: I greiue and yet am proud
That I alone am honest: high powers you know
Virtue is ſeldom ſcene with troupes to goe.

So. Excellent man Carthage & Rome ſhall fall
Before thy fame: our Lords know I the worſt.

Car. The Gods foreſaw, tis fate we thus are forc'd:

So. Gods naught foreſee, but ſee, for to their eyes

Naught is to come, or paſt, Nor are you vile

Because the Gods foreſee: for Gods and We

See as things are things are not, for we ſee

But ſince affected wiſdom in vs Women

Is our ſex highest folly: I am ſilent,

I cannot ſpeake leſſe well, vnleſſe I were

More void of goodneſſe: Lordes of Carthage, thus

The ayre and earth of Carthage owes my body,

It is their ſeruant; what decree they of it?

Car. That you remoue to Cirta, to the pallace

Of well form'd Syphax, who with longing eyes

Meetes you: he that giues way to Fate is wife.

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

So. I goe: what power can make me wretched? what
Is there in life to him, that knowes lifes losse (euill
To be no euill: show, show thy vglieſt brow
O most blacke chaunce: make me a wretched story
Without misfortune Virtue hath no glorie
Opposed trees makes tempests show their power
And waues forc'd back by rocks maks *Neptune* tower
Teareleſſe O ſee a miracle of life
A maide, a widow, yet a hapleſſe wife.

Cornets. *Sopho, accompanied with the Senators depart,
only Gelosſo ſtaiſes.*

Ge. A prodegy! let nature run crosse legd
Ops goe vpon thy head, let *Neptune* burne
Cold *Saturne* cracke with heate for now the world
Hath ſcene a *Woman*:
Leape nimble lightning from *Ioue*s ample shield
And make at length, an end, the proud hot breath
Of thee contemning *Greatneſſe*, the huge drought
Of ſole ſelfe louing vast *Ambition*.
Th' vnnaturall ſcorching heate of all those lamps
Thou reard'ſt to yeeld a temperate fruitfull heat
Relentleſſe rage whose hart hath no one drop
Of humane pittie: all all loudly cry
Thy brand O *Ioue*, for know the world is dry
O let A generall end ſaue *Carthage* fame
When worlds doe burne vnfeynd a Citties flame.
Phæbus in me is great: *Carthage* muſt fall
Ioue hats all vice but vours breach worſt of all. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda. Cornets ſound a charge: Enter *Mafinissa* in his
gorget and ſhert, ſhield, ſword, his arme tranfixt with a dart
Lugurth followes with his curaes and caske.

Maf. Mount vs againe, giue vs another horſe
Ing. Uncle your bloud flows fast, pray ye withdraw
Maf. O *Ingurth* I cannot bleed too fast, too much
For that ſo great, ſo iuft ſo royall *Carthage*
My wound ſmarts not, blouds losſe maks me not faint.

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

For that lou'de Citty, O Nephew let me tell thee,
How good that *Carthage* is: it nourishde me,
And when full time gaue me fit strength for loue,
The most adored creature of the citty.
To vs before great *Syphax* did they yeeld,
Faire, noble, modest, and boue all, my,
My *Sophonisba*, O *Iugurth* my strength doubles
I know not how to turne a coward, drop
In feeble basenes, I cannot: giue me horse,
Know I am *Carthage* very creature, and I am gracde,
That I may bleed for them: giue me fresh horse.
Iug. He that doth publike good for multitude,
Findes few are truely gratefull.

Mas. O *Iugurth*, fie you must not say so, *Iugurth*,
Some common weales may let a noble hart,
Too forward bleeds abroad and bleed bemand,
But not reuengd at home, but *Carthage*, fie
It cannot be vngrate, faithles through feare,
It cannot *Iugurth*: *Sophonisba's* there,
Beat a fresh charge.

Enter *Aesdrubal* his sword drawne reading a letter *Gisco* follows him

Aesd. Sound the retrait, respect your health braue Prince,
The waste of blood throw's palenes on your face,
Ma. By light, my harts not pale: O my lou'd father,
We bleed for *Carthage* Balsum to my woundes,
We bleede for *Carthage*: shals restore the fight?
My squadron of Massilians yet stands firme.

Aesd. The day lookes off from *Carthage* ceasē all arms

A modest temperance is the life of armes,
Take our best surgeon *Gisco*, he is sent
From *Carthage* to attend your chance of warre,

Gis. We promise sudden easē. *Ma.* Thy cōforts good

Aesd. That nothing can secure vs but thy blood:

Infuse it in his wound, t'will worke amaine,

Gis. O loue, *Aesd.* What loue? thy God must be thy gain

And as for me. *Apollo Pythian*

Thou

The Tragedy of Sopbonisba.

Thou know'st, a statist must not be a man.

Exit Adræ.

Enter Gelosso disguised like an olde soldier, deliuering to Massinissa (as he preparing to be dressed by Gisco) letter which Massinissa reading, starts and speakes to Gisco.

Ma. Forbeare, how art thou cald? Gi. Gisco my Lord.

Mas. Vm, Gisco, ha, touch not mine arme, most onely man,
to Gelosso.

Sirrha, firrha, art poore? Gi. not poore. Ma. Nephew cōmand
Massinissa begins to drane.

Our troupes of horse make indisgracde retraite,
Trot easie off: not poore: *Lugurib* giue charge,
My souldiers stand in square battalia, *Exit Lugurib.*

Intirely of themselues: *Gisco* th'art old,
Tis time to leau off murder, thy faint breath.
Scarce heaues thy ribs, thy gummy bloud-shut eyes,
Are sunke a great way in thee, thy lanke skinne,
Slides from thy fleshlesh veines: be good to men,
Judge him yee Gods, I had not life to kill
So base a Creature, hold *Gisco* () liue,
The God-like part of Kings is to forgiue,
Gis. Command astonishd *Gisco.* *Mas.* No returne.
Haste vnto Carthage: quit thy abie feares,
Massinissa knowes no vse of murderers.

Enter *Lugurib* amazde, his sword drawne.

Speake, speake, let terror strike flaues mute.
Much danger makes great hartes most resolute,
Ing. Vnkle I feare foule armes, my selfe beheld,
Syphax on high speed run his well breathde horse,
Direct to *Caria* that most beauteous Citty,
Of all his kingdome: whilst his troupes of horse
With careles trot pace gently toward our campe,
As friendes to *Carthage*, stand on guard deere vnkle:
For *Asdrubal* with yet his well rankt armie,
Bends a deepe threatening brow to vs as if,

He:

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He waited but to ioyne with Syphax horse :
And hew vs all to pecces : O my King
My Uncle, Father, Captaine O ouer All
Stand like thy selfe or like thy selfe now fall
Thy troupes yet hold good ground : Vnworthy
Betray not Massinissa. Ma. Iugurth pluck (wounds
Pluck, so, good cuz. Iug. O God doe you not feele ?
Mas. Not Iugurth no, now all my flesh is steele.
Gela. Of base disguise : High lights scorne not to vew
A true old man : vp Massinissa throw
The lot of battle vpon Syphax troupes
Before he ioyne with Carthage : then amaine
Make through to Scipio, he yeelds safe abode
Spare treacherie, and strike the very Gods.
Mas. Why wast thou borne at Carthage, O my fate
Diuinest Sophonisba ! I am full
Of much complaint, and many passions,
The least of which expresd would sad the Gods
And strike compassion in most ruthlesse hell
Vp vnmairnd hart spend all thy greefe and rage
Vpon thy foe : the fields a soldiers stage
On which his action shows : If you are iust
And hate those that contemne you, O you Gods
Reuenge worthy your anger, your anger, O,
Downeman, vp hart, stoup lone and bend thy chin
To thy large brest, giue signe th'art pleaseid, and iust
Swear, goodmens forheads must not print the dust

Excuse.

*Scena Tertia. Enter Asdruball, Hanno,
Bythcas.*

A/. What Carthage hath decreed, Hanno is done
Aduauncd and borne was Asdruball for state
Onely with it his faith, his loue, his hate
Are of one peece : were it my daughters life
That fate hath song to Carthage safetie brings
What deed so red but hath bee ne done by Kings ?

Ephigmin.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Ephigenia, he that's a man for men,
Ambitious as a God, must like a God
Lieue cleare from passions, his full aimde attend
Immence to others, sole selfe to comprehend
Round in's own globe, not to bee claps'd but holds
Within him all, his hart being of more foldes
Then sheeld of Telamon not to be peirced tho struck
The God of wisemen is themselues, not lucke.

Enter Gisco. See him by whom now Massinissa is not
Gisco i't done? Gis. Your pardon worthy Lord,
It is not don, my heart sunke in my breast,
His virtue mazd me, faintnes seasd me all,
Some Gods in Kinges that will not let them fall.

As. His virtue mazde thee, (vm) why now I see
Thart that iust man that hath true touch of blood,
Ospitty and soft piety: Forgiue?
Yes honour thee, wee did it but to trye
What sense thou hadst of blood: goe Bytheas
Take him into our priuate treasurie
And cut his throate, the slauie hath all betraide.
By. Are you assured? As. Afraid for this I know
Who thinketh to buy villany with golde,
Shall ever find such faith so bought so soldē.
Reward him thorowly.

A boone the Cornet giving a florib.

Han. What meanes this shouter?

Asd. Hanno tis don: Scyphax revolt by this
Hath securd Carthage: and now his force come in
And ioynde with vs giue Massinissa charge,
And assu red slaughter: O ye powers forgiue,
Through rottenst dung best plāts both sprout & live
By blood vines grow. Ha. But yet thinke Asdruball
Tis fit at least you beare greefes outward shewe,
It is your kinsman bleedes: what neede men knowe.
Your hand is in his wounds, tis well in state,
To doc close ill; but voide a publique hate.

D

Asd.

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Asd. Tush ha no let me prosper let routs prate,
My power shall force their silence or my hate.
Shall skorne their idle malice: men of waight
Know, he that feares enuy let him cease to raigne,
The peoples hate to some hath bin their gaine.
For howso ere a Monarke faines his partes,
Steale anie thing from Kinges but subiects hartes.

Enter Carthalo leading in bound Geloſſo.

(firme

Ca. Gard, gard the campe, make to the trench stand
As. The Gods of boldnes with vs, how runs chance?
Ca. Think, think how wretched thou canſt be, thou art,
Short wordes ſhall ſpeakē long woes: Ge. marke Asdruball.
Ca. Our bloody plot to *Massinissa* eare
Vntimely by this Lord was all betraide.
Ge. By me, itwas, by mee vile Asdruball,
Ioy to ſpeakt. As. Downe ſlaue. Ge. I cannot fall.
Car. Our traines diſcloſd, ſtraight to his well vſde armes
He tooke himſelfe, roſe vp with all his force,
On *Syphax* careles troupes (*Syphax* beeing hurried
Before to Cirta feareles of ſuccell
impatient *Sophonisba* to inioy.)

Geloſſo rides to head of all our ſquadrons
Cominandes make ſtand in thy name Asdruball,
In mine, in his, in all: dull reſt our men,
Whilſt *Massinissa* now with more then fury,
Chargeſt the loſe and much amazēd rankes,
Of abſent *Syphax*: who with broken ſhoute,
(In vaine expecting Carthage ſecondings)
Giue faint repulſe: a ſecond charge is giuen
Then looke as when a Fawcon towrs aloft
Whole ſhoales of foule and flockes of leſſer birdes,
Crouch fearefully and diue ſome among ſedge,
Some creepe in brakes: ſo *Massinissa* ſword
Brandiſht aloft, tolld' bout his ſhining cask,
Made ſtoope whole ſquadrons, quick as thought he ſtrikes,
Here hurles he dartes? and there his rage ſtrong arme,
Fights foote to foote: heere cryes he ſtrike; they ſinke

And

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

And then grim slaughter followes, for by this
As men betraide, they curse vs, dye, or flye, or both
Of ten sixe thousand fell: Now was I come
And straight perceau'd all bled by his vile plot.
Ge. Vile? good plot, my good plot Asdruball.
Ca. I forced our army beat a running march,
But *Massinissa* strooke his spurs apace
Vpon his speedy horse, leaues slaughtering
All flye to *Scipio* who with open rankes
In view receaues them: All I could effect
Was but to gaine him. *As.* Dye. *Ge.* Do what thou can,
Thou canst but kill a weake old honest man.
Car. *Scipio* and *Massinissa* by this strike (Gelosso departes guarded
Their clasped palmes, then vow an endles loue,
straight a ioynt shoute they raise, then turne they breastes
Direct on vs march strongly toward our campe
As if they darde vs fight, O Asdruball.
I feare theile force our campe, *As.* Breake vp and flye,
This was your plot. *Ha.* But t'was thy shame to choose it.
Car. He that forbids not offence he dos it.
As. The curse of womens mordes go vvith you: fly,
You are no villaines, Gods and men, vvhich vvay?
Aduise vile thinges. *Ha.* Vile? *As.* I. *Ca.* Not? *By.* you did al
As. Did you not plot? *Car.* Yeelded not Asdruball?
As. But you intic'd me. *Ha.* Hovv? *As.* With hope of place.
Car. He that for vvealthe leaues faith is abieft. *Ha.* base
As. Do not prouoke my svvord, I liue. *Ca.* More shame.
T'oug liue thy virtue and thy once great name.
As. Upbraide yee me? *Ha.* Hold. *Car.* Knovv that only thou
Art treacherous: thou shouldest haue had a crovvne.
Ha. Thou didst all, all he for vvhorne mischieves don
He dos it. *Asd.* --- Brode skorne oppen faind povvers
Make good the campe, no, fly, yes, vwhat? vwild rage,
To be a prosperous villane yet some heate some hold,
But to burne temples and yet freefe, O cold,
Give me some health, now your bloud sinkes: thus deedes
Illnourisbt rot, without loue naught succeeds. *Exeunt.*

Aktus Secundi. Finis.

D2

Organ

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The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Organ mixt with Recorders for this Act.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Syphax his dagger twon about her haire drags in Sophonisba in his nightgowne petticoate and Zanobia & Vangue following.

Sy. Must wee intreat? sue to such squeamish eares,
Know Syphax has no knees, his eyes no teares,
Inrag'd loue is senseles of remorce,
Thou shalt, thou must. Kings g lory is their force.
Thou art in C:rlta, in my Pallace Foole
Dost thinke he pittieh teares, that knowes to rule.
For all thy scornefull eyes thy proud disdaine,
And late contempt of vs now weeke reuenge,
Breake stubborne scilence: looke Ile tack thy head
To the low earth, whilst stregh of too black knaues,
Thy limbis all wide shall straine: praier fitteth flauers.
Our courtship bee our force: rest calme as sleepe,
Els at this quake, harke, harke, wee cannot weepe.
So. Can Sophonisba bee inforc'd? Sy. Can? see.
So. Thou maiest inforce my body but not mee. (armes
Sy. Not? So. No. Sy. No? So. No off with thy loathed
That lye more heauy on me then the chaines,
That weare deepe wrinckles in the captiuies limbis
I do beseech thee. Sy. What? So. Be but a beast,
Be but a beast. Sy. Do not offend a power
Can make thee more then wretched: yeelde to him
To whome fate yeeldes: Know Massimissas dead,
So. dead? Sy. dead. So. To Gods of goodmen shame
Sy. Help vangue my strong blood boiles. So. O sauage
thine owne (yet)fame.

Sy. All appetite is deafe, I will I must,
Achilles armour could not beare out lust.
So. Hold thy strong arme and heare my Syphax know,
I am thy seruant now: Ineedes must loue thee

For

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

For (O my sex forgiue) I must confess,
Wee not affect protesting feeblenes.
Intreats faint blushings, timerous modesty,
We thinke our louer is but little man,
Who is so full of woman: Know faire Prince
Loues strongest armes not rude: for we still proue
Without some fury thers no ardent loue.
We loue our loues impatience of delay,
Our noble sex was onely borne t'obay
To him that dares commaund. *Sy.* Why this is well.
Th' excuse is good: wipe thy faire eyes our Queene,
Make proud thy head now feele: more frendly strenght
Of thy Lordes arme: come touch my rougher skin.
With thy soft lip *Zantbia* dress our bed,
Forget ould loues and clip him that through blood,
And hell acquir's his Wish thinke not but kisse,
The florish fore loues fight is *Venus* blisse.
So. Great dreadfull Lord by thy affection
Grant mee one boone, know I haue made a vow,
Sy. Vow: what vow? speake. *So.* Nay if you take offence?
Let my soule suffer first and yet. *Sy.* offence?
Not *Sophonisba*, hold, thy vow is free,
As: ----- come thy lips. *So.* Alas crosse misery
As I do wish to liue I long to inioy,
Your warme imbrace, but O my vow tis thus,
If euer my Lord died I vowed to him,
A most, most priuate sacrifice, before
I touched a second spouse: all I implore.
Is but this liberty: *Sy.* This goe obtaine
What time *So.* One hower. *Sy.* sweet good speed speed
Yet *Syphax* trust no more then thou maist view. (adew
Vangue shall stay *So.* He stayes.

Enter a Page deliuering a letter to *Sopho.* which shes
priuately reads.

Sy. *Zantbia*, *Zantbia*

Thou art not foule, go to, some Lords are oft

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

So much in loue with their knowne Ladyes bodies,
That they oft loue their vails, hold, hold thou' st find,
To faithfull care Kinges bounty hath no shore,

Za. You may do much. Sy. But let my gold do more.

Za. I am your creature. Sy. Bee, get, tis no staine
The God of seruice is howeuer gaine. *Exit.*

So. Zanthia, where are we now? speak worth my seruice
Ha wee don well? Za. Nay in haught of best.

I feard a superstitious virtue woulde spoile all,
But now I finde you aboue woemen rare,
Shee that can time her goodnesse hath true care
Of hir best good. Nature at home beginnes
She whose integritye her selfe hurts sinnes.

For Massimissa, hee was good and so,
But hee is dead, or worse, distressed, or more
Then dead, or much distressed, O sad, poore.
Who euer held such friendes: no let him goe
Such faith is praisd, then laught at, for still knowe,
Those are the liuing woemen that reduce,
All that they touch vnto their ease and vse.

Knowing that wedlock, virtue or good names,
Are courses and varietyes of reason
To vse or leauue as they aduantage them
And absolute within themselues reposde,
Onely to Greatnes Ope, to all els closde.

Weake sanguine fooles, are to their owne good nice
Before I held you vertuous but now wise.

So. Zanthia victorious Massimissa liu's.

My Massimissa liues: O steddye powers
Keape him as safe as heauen keepes the earth,
Which lookes vpon it with a thousand eyes,
That honest valiant man and Zanthia,
Doe but reçorde the iustice of his loue,
And my for euer vowes, for euer vowes.

Za. I true Madam: nay thinke of his great minde
His most iust heart his all of excellencye
And such a virtue as the Gods might enuy
Againe this Syphax is but:--- and you know.

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Fame lost what can be got that's good: for: So.hence
Take nay with one hand.Za. My seruice.So. Prepare
Our sacrifice.Za. But yeeld you,I or no?
So. Whē thou dost know.Za.what thē?So.then thou wilt know
Lethim that would haue counsell voide th'aduice *Exit Zanthia*
Offriendes made his with waughty benefites
Whose much dependance onely striues to fit
Humor not reason, and so still deuise
In any thought to make their frieud see me wise
But aboue all O feare a seruants young,
Like such as onely for their gaine to serue
Within the vaste capacitye of place
I know no vilenes so most truly base.
Their Lordes,their gaine:and he that most will giue,
With him(they will not dye:but)they will liue,
Traitors and these are one:such slaues once trust
Whet swords to make thine own blood lick the dust.
Cornets and Organs playing full musick. Enters t he solemnity of a sacrifice, which beeing entred whilst the attendance furnisht the Altar Sopho. Songe:which don shee speakes.
Withdraw, withdraw *Aliut Zanthia & Vangue depart*
I not invoake thy arme thou God offound
Nor thine, nor thine, although in all abound.
High powers immense:But *Iouiall Mercury*
And thou O brightest femall of the sky
Thrice modest Phœbe,you that iointly fit
A worthy chastity and a most chast witte
To you corruptles *Hunny*,and pure dewe
Vpbreathes our holy fier.Words iust and few
O daine to heare if in poore wretches cryes
You glory not: if drops of withered eyes
Bee not your sport,bee iust: all that I craue
Is but chast life or an vntainted graue.
I can no more:yet hath my constant young
Let fall no weakenes,tho'my heart were wrung
VVith pangus worth hell:whilst great thoughts stop our tears
Sorrowe vnseene,vnpittied inward wears.
You see now where I rest,come is my end.

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Cannot heauen, virtue, against weake chance defend?
VVhen weakenes hath outborne what weakenes can,
VVhat should I say tis Ioues, not sinne of man.
Some stratagem now let wits God be showne,
Celestiall powers by miracles are knowne.
I haue tis don. Zanthia prepare our bed
Vangue Va. Your seruant. So. Vangue we haue performd
Duerites vnto the dead.

Sopho: presents a carous to Vangue & & &.
Now to thy Lord great Syphax healthfull cups: which don,
The King is right much welcome.
Va. VVere it as deep as thought off it shold thns---he drinks
So. My safety with that draught.
Va. Close the vaults mouth least we do slip in drinke,
So. To what vse gentle Negro serues this caue
Whose mouth thus opens so familiarly,
Euen in the Kings bedchamber? Va. O my Queene
This vault with hideous darkenes and much length
stretcheth beneath the earth into a groue
One league from Cirta (I am very sleepy)
Through this when Cirta hath beeue strong begirt
VVith hostile siedge the King hath safelie scaped
To, to, So. The wine is strong. Va. strong? So. Zanthia
Za. VVhat meanes my princes? So. Zanthia rest firme
And silent helpe vs: Nay do not dare refuse.
Za. The Negros dead. So. No drunke. Za. Alas, So. Too late,
Her hand is fearefull whose mindes desperate.
It is but sleepie Opium he hath drunke,
Helpe Zanthia, They lay Vangue in Syphax bed & draw the cur-
taines, there lye Syphax bride, a naked man is soone vndrest;
There bide dishonoured passion they knock within, forth-
with Syphax comes.

Sy. VVay for the King. So. Straight for the King: I flye
VVhere misery shall see nougnt but it selfe.
Deere Zanthia close the vault when I am sunk
And whilste he slips to bed escape be true
I can no more, come to me: Harke Gods, my breath (scends
Scornes to craue life graunt but a well famde death she de-

Emper

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Enter Syphax ready for bedd.

Sy. Each man withdraw, let not a creature stay
Within large distance. Za. Sir? Sy. hence Zanthia,
Not thou shalt heare, all stand without eare-reach
Of the soft cries nice shrinking brides do yeeld
When--- Za. But Sir-- Sy. Hence-- stay, take thy delight
Thinke of thy joyes, and make long thy pleasures, (by steps,
O silence thou dost swallow pleasure right,
Wordes take avvay some sense from our delight;
Musique: be proud my Venus, Mercury thy tong,
Cupid thy flame, boue all O Hercules
Let not thy backe be wanting: for now I leape
To catch the fruite none but the Gods should reap

Offering to leape into bed, he discouers Vangue.

Hah! can any woman turne to such a Diuell?
Or: or: Vangue, Vangue-- Van. Yes, yes. Sy. speake slauie,
How camst thou here? Van. Here? Sy. Zanthia, Zanthia,
Wher's Sophonisba? speake at full, at ful,
Giue me particular faith, for know thou art not----
Za. Your pardon just mou'd prince & priuat eare
Sy. Ill actions have some grace, that they can feare
Va. How cam I laid? which way was I made druk?
Where am I? think, or is my state aduanc'd?
O loue how pleasant is it but to sleepe
In a kings bed! Sy. Sleepe there thy lasting sleep
Improuident, base, o're-thirsty slauie. (Sy. killles Va.
Dy pleas'd a kings couch is thy too proud graue.
Through this vault sayst thou? Za. As you giue me grace
To liue, tis true. Sy. We will be good to Zanthia;
Go cheare thy Ladie, and be priuate to vs.

She descends after Sophonisba.

Za. As to my life. Sy. I'le vse this Zanthia,
And trust her as our dogs drin kdangerous Nile,
only for thirst, the Flie the Crocodile:
Wise Sophonisba knowes loues trickes of art,
Without much hindrance, pleasure hath no hart;

E Dispight

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Dispight all vertue or weake plots I must
Seauen waled Babell cannot bear out lust

Descends through the vault.

Scena Secunda. Cornets sound Marches. Enter Scipio and Lelius
with the complements of a Roman Generall before them,
At the other dore, Massinissa and Inguris.

Ma. Let not the virtue of the world suspect
Sad Massinissas faith : nor once cōdemne
Our just reuolt : Carthage first gaue me life,
Hir ground gaue food, hir aire first lent me breath

The Earth was made for men, not men for Earth.

Scipio I do not thanke the Gods for life,
Much lesse vile men, or earth: know best of Lords,
It is a happy being breath well fam'd,
For which Iose sees these thus; Men be not foold
With piety to place: traditions feare,

A iust mans contry loue makes euery where.

Sci. Well vrgeth Massinissa, but to leaue
A Citie so ingrate, so faithlesse, so more vile
Then ciuill speach may name, fear not, such vice
To scourge is heauens most gratefull sacrifice.
Thus all confessē first they haue broke a faith
To the most due, so just to be obseru'd
That barborousnes it selfe may well blush at them
Where is thy passiō? they haue shar'd thy crowne
Thy proper right of birth; contriu'd thy death.
Where is thy passion? giuen thy beauteous spouse.
To thy most hated riuall: statue, not man,
And last thy freind Gelosso (man worth Gods)
With tortures haue they rētto death. Ma. O Gel.
For thee full eyes Sci. No passion for the rest.

Ma. O Scipio my greefe for him may be expressid
But for the rest silence & secret anguish (by teares.
Shall wast; shall wast: -- Scipio he that can weepe,
Greeves not like me priuate deepe inward drops
Of bloud: my heart--for Gods rights giue me leaue
To be a short time Man. Sci. stay prince. Ma. I cease;

Forgive

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Forgiue if I forget thy presence : *Scipio*
Thy face makes *Massinissa* more then man,
And here before your steddy power a vow
As firme as fate I make : when I desist
To be commaunded by thy virtue, (Scipio)
Or fall from frend of *Romes*, reuenging Gods
Aflift me worth your torture : I haue giuen
Of passion and offaith my heart. *Sci.* To counsel
Greefe fits weake hearts, reuenging virtue men. (then
Thus I thinke fit, before that *Syphax* know
How deepeley *Carthage* sinkes, lets beat swift march
Vp euento *Cirta*, and whilst *Syphax* snores
With his, late thine-- *Ma.* With mine? no *Scipio*,
Libea hath poysen, aspes, kniues, & to much earth
To make one graue, with mine? not, she can dye,
Scipio, with mine? *Ioue* say it thou dost lie.
Sci. Temperance be *Scipios* honor. *Le.* Cease your
She is a woman. *Ma.* But she is my wife. (strife
Le. And yet she is no god. *Ma.* And yet she's
I do not prayse Gods goodnes but adore. (more
Gods cannot fall, and for their constant goodness
(Which is necessitated) they haue a crowne
Of neuer ending pleasures : but faint man
(Framd to haue his weaknes made the heauens glo-
If he with steddy vertue holdes all seidge ry)
That power, that speach, that pleasure, that full
A world of greatnes can assaile him with, (sweets
Hauing no pay but selfewept miserie,
And beggars treasure heapt, that man Ile prayse
Aboue the Gods. *Sc.* The *Libean* speakes bold
Ma. By that by which all is, *Proportion*, (sense
I speake with thought. *Sci.* No more. *Ma.* Forgiue my
You toucht a string to which my sense was quick, / admiration
Can you but thinke? doe, do; my greefe! my greefe
Would make a *Saint* blasphemē: giue some releefe,
As thou art *Scipio* forgiue that I forget,
I am a Soldier; such woes *Ioues* ribs would burst,
Few speake leſſe ill that feele so much of worst.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

My eare attends Sci. Before then Syphaxioine
With new strength'd Carthage, or can once vnwind
His tangled sense from out so vilde amaze
Fall we like suddeine lightning fore his eyes;
Boldnesse and spead are all of victories.

Ma. Scipio, let Massinissa clip thy knees ;
May once these eyes vew Syphax ? shall this arme
Once make him teele his sinue ? O yee Gods
My cause, my cause ! Iustice is so huge odds
That he who with it feares, Heauen must renounce
In his creatiō. Sci. Beat then a close quicke march
Before the morne shall shake cold dewes through skyes,
Syphax shall tremble at Romes thicke allarmes.

Ma. Yee powres I challenge conquest to just armes,
With a full florish of Cornettes they depart.

Actus Tertii

FINIS.

Organs Violls and Voices
play for this Act.

Actus Quarti Scena Prima.

Enter Sophonisba and Zanthia as out of a caues mouth

So. Where are wee Zanthia? Za. Vangue said the caue
Op'ned in Belos forrest. So. Lord how sweete
I sent the ayre ? the huge longe vaultes close vaine,
What dumps it breathd? In Belos forrest sayst?
Be valiant Zanthia; how farr's Utica
From these most heauy shades? Zan. Ten easye leages.

So. Thers Massinissa, my true Zanthia
Shals venture nobly to escape, and touch
My Lordes just armes : Loues winges so justly heauie
The body vp, that as our toes shall trip
Ouer the tender and obedient grasse,
Scarce any drop of dew is dasht to ground.

And

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

And see the willing shade of friendly night
Makes safe our instant haste : Boldnesse and speede
Make actions wost impossible succeede.

Za. But Madam know the Forrest hath no way
But one to passe the which holds strictest gard.

So. Doe not betray me Zanthia. Za. I Madam. So. No
I not mistrust thee, yet, but, Za. Here you may
Delay your time. So. I Zanthia delay

By which we may yet hope, yet hope, Alas
How all be numd's my sense Chaunce hath so often
I scarce cā feele : I should now curse the Gods {struck
Call on the furies : stampe the patient earth
cleaue my streachd cheeks with sound speake from
But loud and full of players eloquence (all sense

No, no, What shall we eate. Za. Madam ile search
For some ripe Nuts which Autumn hath shook down
From the vnleau'd Hasel, then some cooler ayre
Shall lead me to a spring : Or I will try
The courteous pale of some poore forrestres,
For milke. So. Exit Zanthia. Do Zanthia, O happinesse,
Of those that know not pride or lust of citty,

Ther's no man blesſ'd but those that most men pity.

Of fortunate poore maides, that are not forc'd,
To wed for state nor are for state diuorc'd!
Whome policy of kingdoms doth not marry,
But pure affection makes to loue or vary,
You feele no loue, which you dare not to shew,
Nor show a loue which doth not truely grow:
O you are surely blessed of the skie,
You liue, that know not death before you die,

*Through the vantes mouth in his night gowne, torch in his
hand, Syphax enters iuft behind Sophon.*

You are: Sy. In Syphax armes, thing offalse lip,
What God shall now release thee, So. Art a man?

Sy. Thy limbs shall feele, despight thy vertue know
I'le thredd thy richest pearle: this Forrests deafe,
As is my lust: Night and the God of scilence,
Swels my full pleasures, no more shalt thou delude,

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

My easie credence Virgin offaire brow,
Well featurde creature, and our vtmost wonder,
Queene of our youthfull bed be proud,
Syphax setteth away his light, & prepareth to embrase Soph.
Ile vse thee, *Sopho snatcheth outher knife.*
So. Look thee, view this, shew but one strain of force
Bow but to sease this arme, and by my selfe,
Or more by *Massinissa* this good steele,
Shall set my soule on wing, thus fornde Gods see,
And men with Gods worth enuy nought but me.
Sy. Doe strike thy breast, know being dead, Ile vse,
With highest lust of sense thy senselesse flesh,
And eu'en then thy vexed soule shall see,
Without resistance, thy trunke prostitute,
Vnto our appetite. So. I shame to make thee know,
How vile thou speakest: *Corruption* then as much,
As thou shalt doe: but frame vnto thy lusts,
Imaginatiounes vtmost sin: *Syphax,*
I speake all frightles, know I liue or die
To *Massinissa*, nor the force of fate
Shall make me leauue his loue, or slake thy hate.
I will speake no more,
Sy. Thou hast amazde vs, Womans forced vse,
Like vnripe fruites, no sooner got but waste,
They haue proportion, colour but no taste,
Thinke *Syphax* --- *Sophonisba* rest thine owne,
Our Guard, *Enter a Guard.*
Creature of most astonishing vertue,
If with faire vsage, loue and passionate courtings,
We may obtaine, the heauen of thy bed,
We cease, no sute from other force be free.
. VVe dote not on thy body, but loue thee,
So Wilt thou keep faith? Sy. By thee & by that power
By which thou art thus glorious, trust my vow,
Our guard, conuay the roialst excellencie
That euer was cald *Woman*, to our Pallace,
Obserue her with strict care: So. Dread *Syphax* speak
As thou art worthy: is not *Zanobia* falsoe?

Sy.

The Tragedy of Sopbonisba.

Sy. To thee shee is .So. As thou art then thy selfe
Let her not bee.Sy. Shee is not.

The gaard seizeth Zanthia.

Za. Thus most speed when two foes are growne friends
Partakers bleed.Sy. When Plants must florish
Their manure must rot.So. Syphax bee recompenced.
I haue thee not.

Sophos Exit.

Sy. A wasting flame feedes on my amorous bloud
Which wee must coole or dye? what way all power,
All speech full Opportunity can make,
We haue made fruitles trial. Infernall Ioue,
You resolute Angels that delight in flames,
To you all wonder working spirites I flie
Since heauen helps not, deepest hell weele trie.

Here in this desart the great soule of Charmes,
Dreadfull Erichbo liues whose dismall brow,
Contemnes all rootes or ciuill couerture.
Forsaken graues and tombes the Ghosts forcd out
Shee ioyes to inhabit.

Infernall Musick plaiers softly whilſt Erich-
bo enters and & when ſhe ſpeakes ceaseth.

A loathſome yellowe leannessle spreades hir face
A heauy hell-like palenes loades hir cheekeſ
Vnknowne to a cleare heauen: but if darke windes,
Or thick black cloudes driue back the blinded stars
When her deepe magique makes forc'd heuen quake
And thunder ſpite of Ioue. Erichbo then
Frō naked graues stalkes out, heaues proud hir head
With long vnkēde haire loaden, and ſtrives to ſnatch
The Nights quick ſulphar: then ſhe bursts vp tombes
From half rot ſearcloathſ then ſhe ſcrapes dry gums
For hir black rites: but when ſhe findes a corſe
New graud whoſe entrailes yet not turne
To ſly my filth with greedy hauock then
ſhe makes fierce ſpoile: & ſwels with wicked triumph
To bury hir leane knuckles in his eyes
Then doeth ſhe knaw the pale and or'egrowne nailes
From his dry hand : but if ſhe find ſome life
Yet lurking close ſhe bites his gelled lips,

And

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

And sticking her blacke tongue in his drie throat,
She breathes dire murmurs, which inforce him beare
Her banefull secrets to the spirits of horror.
To her first sound, the Gods yeeld any harme,
As trembling once to heare a second charme,
She is: *Eri*. Here *Syphax* here, quake not, for know
I know thy thoughts, thou wouldst entreat our power,
Nice *Sophonisba*'s passion to enforce
To thy affection be alfull of *Loue*,
Tis done, tis done, to vs heau earth, sea, aire,
And Fate it selfe obayes, the beastes of death,
And all the terrors angry Gods inuented,
(To afflict th' ignorance of patient man),
Tremble at vs: the roulde vp snake vncurlde,
His twisted knots at our affrighting voice,
Are we incensd? the King of flames grows pale,
Least he be choakde with blacke and earthy fumes,
Which our charms raise: Be ior'd, make proud thy lust
I doe not pray you Gods, my breathes: *You must*.
Sy. Deepe knowing spirit, mother of all high
Misterious science, what may *Syphax* yeeld,
Worthy thy art, by which my soule's thus easde,
The Gods first made me liue, but thou liue please.
Eri. Know then our loue, hard by the reuerēt ruines
Of a once glorious temple rearde to *Loue*,
Whose very rubbish (like the pittied fall,
Of Vertue much vnfortunate) yet beares,
A deathlesse Maiesty though now quite rac'd,
Hurld downe by wrath, and lust of impious Kings
So that where holy *Flamins* wont to sing,
Sweet Hyms to heauen, there the daw and crow,
The ill voic'd Rauen, and still chattering Pie:
Send out vngratefull sound, and loathsome filth,
Where statues and *Loues* acts were viuely lim'd
Boyes with blacke coales, draw the vaild parts of nature,
And leacherous actions of imaginide lust,
Where tombes and beauteous vrns of well dead men.
Stoode in assured rest, the shepheard now,

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Vnloads his belly : Corruption most abhord
Mingling it selfe with their renowned ashées,
Our selfe quakes at it.
There once a Charnel house, now a vast caue,
Ouer whose brow a pale and vnt rod groue
Throwes out her heauy shade, the mouth thick armes
Of darksom *Ewe*, (Sun proofer) for euer choake
Within rests barren darknesse, fruitlesse drough
Pines in eternal *Night* : The steame of *Hell*
Yeeldes not so lasie ayre : there that's my cell
From thence a charme which *Loue* dare not here twicē
Shall force her to thy bed : but *Syphax* know
Loue is the highest rebell to our art.
Therefore I charge thee by the feare of all
Which thou knowest dreadfull, or more, by our selfes
As with swift hast she passeth to thy bed,
And easie to thy wishes yeelds: speake not one word,
Nor dare as thou dost feare thy losse of joyes
T'admit one light, one light, *Sy.* As to my Fater
I yeeld my guidance. *Eri.* Then when I shall force
The ayre to musick and the shads of night
To forme sweete sounds : make proud thy rais'd delight.
Meane time behold I go a charme to reare
Whose potent sound will force our selfe to feare.
Sy. Whither is *Syphax* heau'd? at length shall's joy
Hopes more desired then Heauen? Sweet laboring Earth
Let Heauen be vnform'd with mighty charmes,
Let *Sophonisba* only fill these armes.
Loue weele not enuie thee: Blouds appetite
Is *Syphax* God : My wisedome is my sense,
Without a man I hold no excellency.
Giue me long breath yong beds and sicklesse ease
For we hold firme thats lawfull which doeth please

Infernall Musique softly.

Harke, harke, now rise infernall tones
The depe fetch'd grones

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Oflaboring spirits that attend

Erichtho.

Eri. Erichtho.

within.

Sy. Now cracke the trembling earth and send
Shreckes that portend

Affrightment to the Gods which heare

Erichtho.

Eri. Erichtho

within

Atreble Violl and a base Lute play softlyd within the Canopy.

Harke harke, now softer melody strikes mute
Disquiet nature : O thou power of sound
How thou dost melt me. Harke, now even Heauen
Giues vp his soule amongst vs : Now's the time
When gready expectation strains mine eyes
For their lou'd object : now Erichtho will'd
Prepare my appetite for loues strict gripes
O you dear founts of pleasure Bloud and Beauty
Rayse actiuе venus worth fruition
Offsuch prouoking sweetnesse. Harke : shee comes,

A short song to soft Musique above.

Now nuptiall Hymes inforced Spirits sing

Harke, (Syphax)harke :

Cantant.

Now Hell and Heauen ringes
With Mufique spigh of Phæbus : Peace ::

*Enter Erichtho in the shape of Sophonisba, her face
veiled and hasteth in the bed of Syphax.*

Shee comes :

Fury of blouds impatient : Erichtho

Boue thunder sit; to thee egregious soule

Let all flesh bend. Sophonisba thy flame

But equall mine, and weeke joy such delight

That

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

That Gods shall not admire, but euen spight.

Syphax hasteneth within the Canopy as to Sophonisbas bed

Actus Quarti.

FINIS.

A Base Lute and a Treble Violl
play for the Act.

Actus Quinti Scena Prima.

* Syphax drawes the curtaines and discouers Erichho lying with him.

Eri. Ha, ha, ha, Se. Light, light, Eri. Ha, ha,

Sy. Thou rotten scum of Hell---

O my abhorred heat ! O loath'd delusion !

They leape out of the bed Syphax takes him to his sword

Eri. Why foole of kings, could thy weake soule imagin
That tis within the grapse of Heauen or Hell

To inforce loue ? why know Loue doates the Fates

Ione groanes beneath his waight : more ig norant thing,

Know we Erichho, with a thirsty womb

Haue coueted full threescore Suns for bloud of kings,

We that can make enraged Neptune tosse

His huge curld lockes without one breath of wind :

We that can make Heauen slide from *Atlas* shoulder :

We in the pride and haight of couetous lust

Haue wisht with womans gredines to fill

Our longing armes with Syphax well strong lims :

And dost thou think if Philters or Hels charmes

Could haue inforc'd thy vse, we would hau' dam'd

Braine sleights ? no, no , Now are we full

Of our deare wishes : thy proud heat well wasted

Hath made our lims grow young : our loue farewell,

Know he that would force loue, thus seekes his Hell.

Erichho slips into the ground as Syphax offers his sword to her.

Sy. Can we yet breath ? is any plagued like me ?

Are we ? lets thinke : O now contempt, my hate

To the, thy thunder, sulphure and scorn'd name.

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

He whose lifes loath'd, and he who breathes to curse
His very being; let him thus with me

Syphax knees at the Aultar

Fall fore an Aultar sacred to black powers,
And thus dare Heauens : O thou whose blasting flarnes
Hurle barren droughes vpon the patient earth,
And thou gay God of riddles and strange tales
Hot-brained Phebus, all adde if you can
Something vnto my misery ; if ought
Of plagues lurk in your deepe trench'd browes
Which yet I know not : let them fall like boltes
Which wrathfull Ione driues strong in to my bosom,
If any chance of war, or newes ill voyc'd,
Mischeife vnthought of lurke, come gift vs all,
Heape curse on curse, we can no lower fall.

Out of the Aultar the ghost of Asdruball ariseth.

Asd. Lower, lower, Sy. What damn'd ayre is form'd
Into that shape ? speake, speake, we cannot quake,
Our flesh knowes not ignoble tremblinges, speake,
We dare thy terror : me thinkes Hell and fate
Should dread a soule with woes made desperate.

As. Know me the spirit of great Asdruball
Father to Sophonisba, whose bad heart
Made justly most vnsfortunate : for know
I turn'd vnfayfull, after which the feeld
Chanc'd to our losse, when of thy men there fell
6000 soules next fight of Lybeas ten.
After which losse we vnto Carthage flying,
Th'inraged people cride their army fell
Through my base treason : straight my reuengefull fury
Makes them persue me, I with resolute hast
Made to the graue of all our Ancestors
Wher repoyson'd, hop'd my bones should haue long rest
But see the violent multitude arrives
Teare downe our monument, and mee now dead
Deny a graue : hurle vs among the rockes
To stanch beasts hunger ; therefore thus vngau'd
I seek slow rest : now doest thou know more woes

And

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

And more must feele: Mortals O feare to sleight
Your Gods and vowes: Iones arme is of dread might.
Sy. Yet speake shall I o'recome approaching foes.

As. Spirits of wrath know nothing but their woes.

Exe.

Enter Nuntius.

Nun. My liege, my liege, the scouts of Cirta bring intelligence
Of suddaine danger, full ten thousand horse
Fresh and well rid strong Massinissa leades
As wings to Roman legions that march swift
Led by that man of conquest, Scipio, Sy. Scipio
Nun. Direct to Cirta.

A march far off is heard.

Harke their march is heard eu'en to the citte.

Sy. Help, our guard, my armes, bid all our leaders march,
Beate thicke alarms, I haue seene things which thou
Wouldst quake to heare,
Boldnes and strength the shame of slaues bee feare.
Up heart, hold sword: though waues roule thee on shelfe,
Though fortune leauē thee leauē not thou thy selfe.

Exit arming

Scena Secunda.

Enter 2. Pages with targets & Lanciers Lelius & Jugurth with hotberds Scipio & Massinissa armed Cornets sounding a march.

Sc. Stand, Ma. Giue the word stand. So. Part the fylc. Ma. giue
Scipio by thy great name, but greater vertue, (way
By our eternall loue giue me the chance
Of this dayes battle: Let not thy enuied fame
Vouchsafe t' appose the Roman legious
Against one weakened Prince of Lybea
This quarrels mine: mine bee the stroke of fight
Let vs and Syphax hurle our well forcd darteres
Each vnto others breast, O (what should I say)
Thou beyond epithete thou whom proude Lords offortune
May euē enuye: (alas my joyes so vaite

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

Makes me seeme lost let vs thunder and lightning
Strike from our braue armes, looke, looke, sease that hill,
Harke he comes neare: From thence discerne vs strike
Fyer worth Ioue, mount vp, and not repute
Mee very proud tho wondrous resolute.

My cause: my cause, is my bold hartning ods,
That seuen fold shield, just armes should fright the Gods
Sci. Thy words are full of honour take thy fate,
Mas. Which wee do scorne to feare, to Scipio state
Worthy his heart. Now let the forced brasse
Sound on.

Cornets sound a march Scipio leades his traine vp to the mount.

Jugurth claspe sure our caske
Arme vs with care, and Jugurth if I fall
Through this dayes malice, or our fathers sinnes
If it in thy sword lye, breake vp my breast
And sauе my heart that neuer fell nor's adue
To ought but Ioue and Sophonisba. Sound
Sterne hartners vnto woundes and blood, sound loude
For wee haue named Sophonisba.

So.

Harke harke, hee comes, standbloud, now multiply
Force more then fury, sound high, sound high, wee strike
For Sophonisba.

Enter Syphax arind his pages with shields & darts before Cor
nets sounding marches.

Sy. For Sophonisba.

Ma. Syphax. Sy. Massinissa. Ma. Be twixt vs too
Let single fight try all. Sy Well vrgd, Ma. Well graunted
Of you my stars as I am worthy you
I implore aide, and O if angels waite
Vpon good harts my Genius bee as strong
As I am iust. Sy. Kinges glory is their wrong.
Hee that may onely do iust act's a slau

My

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

My Gods my arme, my life, my heauen, my graue
To mee all end. Ma. Giue day Gods, life and death
To him that onely feares blaspheming breath
For Sophonisba. Sy. For Sophonisba.

Cornets sound a charge Massinissa & Syphax
combatte, Syphax falleth Massinissa vnc-
clasps Syphax caske & as reddy to kil
him speakes Syphax.

Sy. Vnto thy fortune not to thee wee yeeld
Ma. Liues Sophonisba yet unstaind, speake iust
Yet ours vnforced: Sy Let my heart fall more low
Thenis my body, if onely to thy glory
She liues not yet all thine. Ma. Rise, rise, cease strife,
Hearc a most deepe reuenge, from vs take life.

Cornets sounded a march Scipio & Lelius Enter,
Scipio passeth to his thron Massinissa
presēts Syphax to Scipios feet
Cornets sounding a flo-
rish.

To you all power of strength: and next to thee
Thou spirit of triumph borne for victory.
I heau these handes: March wee to Ciria straight,
My Sophonisba with swift hast to winne
In honor & in loue all meane is sinne, Ex. Ma. & Ing.
Sc. As we are Romes great Generall thus wee presēle
Thy Captiuē neck, but as still Scipio
And sensible of iust humanitie
We weepe thy bondage: speake thou ill chanc'd man
What spirit tooke thee when thou wert our friend
(Thy right hand giuen both to Gods and vs
With such most passionate vowes and solemnē faith)
Thou fledst with such most foule disloyalty
To now weak Carthage strēgthning their bad arms
who

The Tragedy of Sophonisba

Who lately scornd thee with all lothd abuse
Who never intertwine for loue but vse
Sy. Scipio my fortune is captiud not I
Therefore Ile speake bold truth :nor once mistrust
What I shall say,for now beeing wholy yours
I must not faine, Sophonisba t'was shee
T'was Sophonisba that solicited
My forc'd reuolt,t'was hir resistles sute
Hir loue to hir deare Carthage tic'd mee breake
All fait h with men:t'was shee made Syphax false
Shee that lou's Carthage with such violence
And hath such mouing graces to allure
That shee will turne a man that once hath sworne
Himselfe on's fathers bones hir Carthage foe
To bee that citties Champion and high friend
Hir Himeneall torch burnt downe my house
Then was I captiud when hir wanton armes
There mouing claspt about my neck,O charmes
Able to turne eu'en fate:but this in my true griefe
Is some iust ioy,that my loue sotted foe
Shall sease that plague,that Massinissa breast
Hir handes shall armie, and that ere long youle try
Shee can force him your foe as well as I,
Sci. Lelius, Lelius, take a choice troupe of horse
And spur to Cirta . To Massinissa thus
Syphax pallace crowne,spoile citties sack
Be free to him but if our new laughd friend
Possesse that woman of so mouing art
Charge him with no lesse waight then his deare vow
Our loue,all faith,that hee resigne her thee
As hee shall aunswere Rome will him giue vp
A Roman prisoner to the Senates doome
Shee is a Carthaginian,now our lawes
VVise men preuent not actions,but euer cause
Sy. Good malice,so,as liberty so deere
Proue my reuenge:what I cannot possesse
Another shall not:thats some happines.

*Excuse the Cornets flourishing.
Scena*

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Scena tertia, The Cornets afar off sounding a charge, A Soldier wounded at one dore, Enters at the other Sophonisba, two Pages before her with lightes, two women bearing uppe her traine.

Sol. Princes O flie, Syphax hath lost the day,
And captiu'd lies, the Roman Legeons
Haue seide the towne, and with inueterate hate,
Make slaues or murder all: Fier and steele,
Fury and night hold all: faire Queene O flie,
We bleede for Carthage, all of Carthage die. *Exit.*

The Cornets sounding a March, Enter Pages with ianelings and Targets, Massimissa and Iugurth, Massimissas beauer shnt.

Ma. March to the Pallace So. What ere man thou art
Of Libea, thy faire armes speake: giue hart,
To amazde weakenes, heare her, that for long time,
Hath scene no wished light. *Sophonisba,*
A name for misery much knowne, tis she,
Intreats of thy gracd sword, this onely boone,
Let me not kneele to Rome, for though no cause,
Of mine deserues their hate, though *Massimissa*,
Be ours to hart, yet Roman Generals
Make proud their triumphs, with what euer captives
O tis a Nation which from soule I feare,
As one well knowing the much grounded hate,
They beare to *Asdrubal* and Carthage bloud,
Therefore with teares that wash thy feet, with hands
Vnusde to beg I claspe thy manlie knees,
O saue me from their fitters and contempt,
Their proud insults, and more then insolence,
Or if it rest not in thy grace of breath,
To grant such freedome, giue me long wished death,
For tis not much loathde life, that now we craue,
Only an vnsham'd death, and silent graue

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

We will now daine to bende for. Ma. Rarity

 Mas. disarmes his head.

By thee and this right hand thou shalt liue free,

So. We cannot now be wretched. Ma. Stay the sword.

Let slaughter cease, Soundes soft as Ledas breast, Soft Musique,

Slide through all eares, this night be loues high feast,

So. O're whelme me not with sweetes, let me not drinke,

Till my breast burst, O Ione thy Nectar, thinke

 She sinkes into Massi. armes.

Ma. She is o'recome with ioy. So. Help, help to beare

Some happinesse yee powers, I haue ioy to spare,

Inough to make a God, O Massinissa. Ma. Peace,

A silent thinking makes full ioyes increase.

Enter Lelius.

Le. Massinissa. Ma. Lelius. Le. Thine eare. Ma. Stand off

Le. From Scipio thus: by thy late vow offaith,

And mutuall league of endles amity,

As thou respects his vertue or Romes force,

Deliuer Sophonisba to our hand,

Ma. Sophonisba? Le. Sophonisba. So. My Lord,

Lookes pale, and from his halfe burst eyes a flame,

Of deepe disquiet breakes, the Gods turne false,

My sad presage. Ma. Sophonisba? Le. Euen she,

Ma. Shee kilde not Scipios father nor his vnkle,

Great Cneiss. Le. Carthage did. Mas. to her what's Carthage?

Le. Know twas her father Asdrubal strooke off

His fathers head, giue place to faith and fate,

Ma. Tis crosse to honor. Le. But tis iust to state,

So speaketh Scipio, doe not thou detaine,

A Roman prisoner, due to this great triumph,

As thou shalt answere Rome and him. Ma. Lelius.

We now are in Romes power, Lelius,

View Massinissa do, a loathed act,

Most linking from that state his hart did keepe,

Looke Lelius looke, see Massinissa weepe,

Know I haue made a vow more deere to me,

Then

The Tragedy of Sophonisba.

Then my soules endles being : she shall rest,
Free from Romes bondage. Le. But dost thou forget,
Thy vow yet fresh thus breathd : When I desist:
To be commaunded by thy vertue: Scipio,
Or fall from friend of Roine, Reuenging Gods,
Afflict me with your torture. Ma. Lelius enough:
Salute the Roman, tell him wee will act
What shall amaze him. Le. Wilt thou yeeld her then?
Ma. Shee shall ariue there straight. Le. Best fate of men,
To thee. Ma. and Scipio: Haue I liude O Heauens, No.
To be inforcedly perfidious?
So. What vniust griefe afflicts my worthy Lord,
Ma. Thanke me yee Gods, with much beholdingnes,
For marke, I doe not curse you: So. Tell mee sweet
The cause of thy much anguish. Ma. Ha, the cause?
Lett's see, wreath backe thine armes, bend down thy necke,
Practise base Praiers, make fit thy selfe for bondage,
So. Bondage. Ma. Bondage, Roman bondage. So. No, No.
Ma. How then haue I vowde well to Scipio?
So. How then to Sophonisba? Ma. Right which way
Runne mad impossible distraction,
So. Deere Lord thy patience; let it maze all power,
And list to her in whose sole heart it rests,
To keepe thy faith vpright. Ma. Wilt thou be slau'd,
So. No free. Ma. How then keepe I my faith? So. My death:
Giu's helpe to all: From Rome so rest we free,
So brought to Scipio, faith is kept in thee.

Enter a Pagem with a bole of wine.

Ma. Thou darst not die, some wine, thou darst not die.
So. How neere was I vnto the curse of man, Ioye,
How like was I yet once to haue beene glad:
He that neere laught may with a constant face,
Contemne Iones frowne. Happinesse makes vs base.

She takes a bole into which Ma. puts poison.

Behold me Massinissa, like thy selfe,
A king and souldier, and I prethee keepe,

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

My last command, Ma. Speake sweet So. Deere do not weepe
And now with vndismaid resolute behold,
To saue You, you, (for honor and iust faith,
Are most true Gods, which we should much adore)
With euен disdainefull vigour I giue vp,
An' abhord life. *She drinks.* You haue beene good to me,
And I doe thanke thee heauen, O my stars,
I blesse your goodnes, that with breast vnstaind,
Faith pure: a Virgin wife, try'de to my glory,
I die offemale faith, the long liu'de story,
Secure from bondage, and all seruile harmes,
But more most happy in my husbands armes. *She sinks*
Lug. Massinissa, Massinissa, Ma. Couetous
Fame greedy Lady, could no scope of glory,
No reasonable proportion of goodnes
Fill thy great breast, but thou must proue immense
Incomprehence in vertue, what wouldest thou,
Not onely be admirde, but eu'en adorde?
O glory ripe for heauen? Sirs helpe, helpe, helpe,
Let vs to Scipio with what speed you can.
For piety make haste, whilst yet we are man.

Exeunt bearing Sopb. in a chaire,

Cornets, A March, Enter Scipio in full state triumphal ornamentes carried before him and Sy. bound at the other dore Lelius.

Sc. What answers Massinissa will he send,
That Sophonisba of so mouing tonges
Le. Full of dismaid vnsteddines he stood,
His right hand lookt in hers, which hand he gaue
As pledge from Rome, she euer should liue free
But when I entred, and well vrg'd this vow
And thy command his great hart funke with shame:
His eyes lost spirite, and his heat of life,
Sanke from his face, as one that stood benumbde,
All mazde, t' effect, impossibilities,
For eyther vnto her or Scipio,

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

He must breake vow, long time he toslld his thoughts
And as you see a snow ball being rolde
At first a handfull, yet long bould about,
Insensibly acquires a mighty globe,
So his cold griefe through agitation growes,
And more he thinkes, the more of griefe he knowes
At last hee seemde to yeeld her. *Sy.* Marke Scipio,
Trust him that breaks a vow? *Sc.* How thē trust thee?
Sy. O misdoubt him not, when hee's thy slau^e like me

Enter Massinissa all in black,

Ma. *Scipio*, *Sc.* *Massinissa*, *Ma.* Generall, *Sc.* King.

Ma. Liu's there no mercy for one soule of Carthage
But must see basenes? *Sc.* Wouldest thou ioy thy peace,
Deliuer *Sophonisba* straight and cease,
Do not grapse that which is too hote to hold,
We grace thy griefe, and hold it with soft sense.
In ioy good courage, but voide insolence,
I tell thee Rome and *Scipio* daine to beare,
So low a breast as for her say, we feare.

Ma. Do not, doe not let not the fright of Nations
Know so vile termes. Shee rests at thy dispole

Sy. To my soule ioy, shall *Sophonisba* then
With me go bound and waite on *Scipios* wheel?

VVhen th' whole worlds giddy one man canot reele,
Ma. Starue thy leane hopes, and Romans now behold
A sight would sad the Gods? make Phæbus cold.

Orgaine and Recorders play to a single voice : Enter in the mean time

the mournful solemnity of Massinissas presenting Sophon. body:

Looke *Scipio*, see what hard shift we make
To keepe our vowes; here, take I yeeld her thee,
And *Sophonisba* I keepe vow thou art still free.

Sy. Burst my vext heart, the torture that most rakes
An enimie, is his foes royll actes.

Sc. The glory of thy vertue liue for euer,
Braue heartes may be obscur'd, but extinct never.

Scipio adorns Massinissa.

Take from the Generall of *Rome* this crowne,
This robe of triumph, and this conquests wreath

The Tragedie of Sophonisba.

This scepter, and this hand for euer breath,

Romes very minion : Line worth thy fame
As far from faintings as from now base name.

Ma. Thou whom like sparkling steele the strokes of Chance
Made hard and firme ; and like wild fier turnd
The more cold fate, more bright thy vertue burnd,
And in whole seas of miseries didst flame.

On theelou'd creature of a deathlesse fame

Massinissa adorneſ Sophonisba.

Rest all my honour : O thou for whom I drinke
So deepe of greefe, that he must onely thinke,
Not dare to speake) that woulde exprefſe my woe,
Small riuers murmur, deepe guſſes silent flow,
My grieſe is here, no there, heauie gently then,
Womens right wonder, and iuſt shame of men.

Cornells a ſhort florib. Exequie, manet Ma.

EPILOGVS.

And now with lighter paſſion, though with moſt iuſt feare
I change my perſon, and do bether beare

Anotherſ voycē, who with a phrase as weak
As his deſeres now will d me, (thus form'd) ſpeake,

If wordes well ſenc'd, beſt ſuſing ſubiect grane,
Noble true ſtory may once boldly crane,
Acceptance gracious, if he whose fierſ,
Enuy not others nor him ſelfe admires,
If ſcenes exempt from ribalarie or rage,
Oft taxinges indiſcreet, may pleafe the ſtage,
If ſuch may hope applaue, he not commandes
Yet craneſ as due, the iuſtice of your hands
But freely he protests how ere it is,
Or well or ill, or muſh, not muſh amiffe,

With conſtant moideſty he daſh submit,

To all, ſane thoſe, that haue more tongue then wit.

After all, let me intreat my Reader not to taxe me, for the faſhion of the Entrances and Musique of this Tragidy, for know it is printed onely as it was presented by youths, & after the faſhion of the priuate ſtage. Nor let ſome eaſily amended error in the Printing affliſt thee ſince thy owne diſcourse will eaſily ſet vpright any ſuch vncouuenies.

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Marston, J.